

Good Morning

s118

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Purely Personal, P.O. Bill Webb

CALLING P.O. Tel. Bill Webb. of Coventry, with message from his fiancée, Sheila Eddington, of 43, James Watt Terrace, Barrow-in-Furness.

Sheila wants us to tell you that apart from the fact that you were not there on V.E.-Day her celebrations went off with a bang. There was dancing and singing in the streets until the early hours of the morning, and fireworks and crackers kept up the night revelry.

Eileen is stationed at More-ambe now, and in a letter to Sheila, she says that she would like you to call in and see her

one day when you are on leave.

Sheila wants to thank you for the cushion covers, and, as she says, they will be very useful indeed one day.

Robbie and Whisky were playing together in the front room when we called. Robbie has grown into a very lovely child, and has already excelled himself by winning 2s. 6d. in a running race!

Sheila arranged a holiday at Coniston with Phyllis and her Canadian cousin for a few days at the end of May. She wished you were there too, but wants you to know that wherever you are she will be thinking of you.

Four Yards of Oranges

IN California they have a monument to an orange—a seedling which stands although earlier on Britons seemed before an old orange tree whose seed was brought from Brazil and planted in California. That average over 80 every year of the was in 1873.

Seven years later they packed the first case of seedless oranges. Now millions of pipless oranges are sent all over the world.

The old tree, mother of this branch of the world's greatest fruit industry, now circled about with houses and streets and a fence to preserve its immortality, still bears fruit, valiantly competing with her millions of descendants.

It says much for British ability to buckle to in a crisis, that for years we have managed with scarcely an orange between us, yet the nation's normal consumption is no less than 3,000 millions a year.

BY THE YARD.

So fruitful was the "Eat More Fruit" propaganda of pre-war times, that the world took to eating some six million tons of oranges alone every year, or well over 30,000 million.

Of the world's supply Britain absorbs a good tenth part, and although earlier on Britons seemed to prefer apples, latterly each one of us has been putting away on an average over 80 every year of the even more healthful orange.

Someone with a flair for lineal mathematics has estimated that everyone in this country normally eats three yards of bananas a year. If that is so, then the average normal absorption of oranges would be a good four yards. Yet, before its development this amazing fruit was once but the size of a modern strawberry.

Did you know that oranges once grew in fair profusion in England? Nell Gwynne's were, of course, English-produced. Even now British production, under glass, is considerable, and there are plans to increase it appreciably.

The human fondness for these commodities reaches back, not years, but centuries. The ancients actually worshipped fruit trees.

Roman administrators appointed a priest specially to dance attendance on their godly personification of the trees that bear fruit.

This health-bestowing deity was

honoured with the title "Pomona," from the Latin "pomum," meaning fruit. People of Palestine, now the fourth largest producer of oranges, have since biblical times been tremendous fruit eaters. The ideal of contentment in a Palestinian community has always been pictured by the head of the family seated smoking happily amid his heavily-laden trees of figs and dates and lemons and oranges.

AND BLOW HARD.

So important has the crop come to be regarded in the United States, the world's largest producer, with an annual crop of almost 2,500,000 tons (worth nearly £25,000,000), that the immense orange fields of California and Florida are nursed with the care of a mother for her new-born babe.

At any sign of frost the motor-driven fans of scientific windmills, fixed like petrol pumps at selected points, blow heated air among the trees.

A wind-vane at the head of the instrument insures that the vapour is driven downward through the orchards simultaneously by the whole fleet of mills.

Let a grower be caught unprepared, and he may wake in the morning to find his whole crop utterly ruined.

After-care for the vast American yield of close upon 17,000 million oranges, is stringent. Pickers must wear gloves to prevent the fruit's contact with workers' hands and finger-nails.

Even so, every batch receives a good bath before packing. Californian shipments are then coated with invisible wax, applied by automatic brushes, to preserve size and moisture during transit. And woe to any packer who is seen mucking about with the "button," the precious little growth at the base of the fruit, for this is Nature's seal, which helps materially to preserve moisture and flavour.

Swedenborgians

"What They Believe" Outlined

By J. M. Bardon

THE Swedenborgians, or members of the New Jerusalem Church, are a Christian community of considerable numbers in Britain, the United States, and various parts of the continent. The Church dates from the eighteenth century, and had its origins in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, although this Swedish scientist, philosopher and mystic did not himself found a new branch of the Christian Church or urge others formally to do so.

Emanuel Swedenborg was a remarkable man of genius born in Stockholm, in 1688 (whose father became Bishop of Skara), and he received an excellent education at Uppsala University, after which he travelled Europe and studied at Oxford, Paris and Utrecht.

His gift seemed to be for natural science, and at the age of 28 he was appointed assessor extraordinary at the Royal College of Mines in Sweden.

He quickly won respect and honour, and in 1719, his birth name of Swedberg was changed by royal decree to Swedenborg, the "en" being a sort of patent of nobility, like the German "von."

A great deal of what he wrote, particularly in his early days, was not collected and fully examined until the end of the nineteenth century, when it became clear that as a scientist he was in some respects far ahead of his time. There seemed to be no branch of natural science which did not attract him and which he did not illuminate.

His work as a scientist led him to philosophy, and then to metaphysics.

In 1734 he published a book on the relationship of the finite and

the infinite. To the study of the "mind" and the "soul" he brought the same scientific spirit that had moved him in his study of geology and physics. In his knowledge of the brain he was in some respects 150 years ahead of his time, and he anticipated much modern knowledge of the nervous system and glands.

Swedenborg put it on record that he was first brought into close contact with the spiritual world when in London in 1743.

"The eyes of his inward man were opened to see heaven, hell and the world of spirits, in which he conversed not only with his deceased acquaintances, but with various distinguished men of antiquity."

His interest turned completely to spiritual matters, and four years later he gave up his position at the College of Mines, spending the rest of his life mostly in Holland and England.

He died in 1772, and was buried in London. In 1908, at the request of the Swedish Government, his remains were carried to Sweden. He left no separate sect, but a great volume of writings, of which the best-known books relating to spiritual experiences are, "Heaven and Hell," "The New Jerusalem," "Economy of the Soul Kingdom," and "Divine Love and Wisdom."

During his life, Swedenborg won great respect because of his genius, intellect and piety even from those who could not follow his ideas. After his death, Thomas Hartley, Rector of Winnick, and John Clowes, Vicar of St. John's, Man-

chester, translated a number of his works.

Clowes, in addition, published over fifty volumes of explanation and defence of Swedenborg's views, and this explains, perhaps, why Lancashire became one of the strongholds of the new Church that was founded.

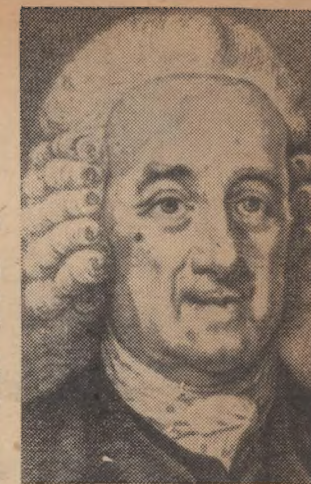
The first Church of the Swedenborgians was in Eastcheap, London, exactly one hundred years after the birth of Swedenborg. It took the name, "The New Jerusalem Church," and one of its first members was the famous sculptor, Flaxman.

The first general conference of the Swedenborg congregations was held in 1789. In the United States interest had been aroused through a series of lectures on Swedenborg by a London Scot, and the movement slowly spread through the new republic. Churches continued to be formed in Britain—Accrington Church, the largest, was founded in 1802.

On the continent, Swedenborg's works were banned for many years because of fear of competition with the national churches.

After the middle of the last century, when religious toleration became more general, churches were formed in Stockholm, Germany and Switzerland.

The medical officer of the first batch of convicts taken to Botany Bay was a follower of Swedenborg, and a formal Church was founded a century ago. There have been missions in Japan, the Philippines, South Africa and elsewhere, and the religion now covers the world, although its numbers, perhaps, are not large compared with the leading sects of Christianity. In



The Honourable Emanuel Swedenborg
Famous Swedish Scientist.

Britain there are something over seventy places of worship and some seven or eight thousand members.

The differences between the Swedenborgian theology and that of what may be called the "orthodox" Christian churches is not easy to summarise.

The Swedenborgian theology has been given as follows: Jehovah God, the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, is one in essence as in person, in whom there is nevertheless a Divine Trinity—the Father, the essential divinity, the Son, the divine humanity, and the Holy Spirit, the divine proceeding, corresponding to the soul, body and operative energy in man.

Jesus Christ is God. He took upon himself human nature in order to remove from man the powers of hell, by which man would necessarily have been conquered, if Divinity itself had not come to his assistance.

"This is the great work of redemption. Man receives life from the Lord, who is love and wisdom itself, but it is received differently by every one according to his quality and power of reception. Even in this world, the spirit of man is—unknown to himself—either in heaven or hell, and is acted upon by influences from both.

"His free will consists of his having the choice of lending himself to the influences of either. Man is born in evil, and has tendencies towards it.

"He must therefore be regenerated afresh by the Lord, submitting his own free will to the regenerative influx from the Lord. Everyone is capable of doing this according to his condition. His future state will depend upon what use he has made of his choice and what he has made his ruling affection in this life.

"If good, he will enter into the society of angels—that is heaven. If bad, he will flee from their society and enter hell."

The Swedenborgians thus believe that the Second Coming and the Last Judgment are spiritual events which have already taken place. They believe that life should be led according to the Ten Commandments and that the Scriptures contain an internal or spiritual meaning which is the Word existing in heaven.

Wedlock

'Tis dangerous to marry a widow, because she hath cast her rider.

The married man must turn his staff into a stake.

Who marries for love without money hath good nights and sorry days.

Young men should not marry yet; old men, never.

Wedlock's a padlock.

A good wife and health are a man's best wealth.

Marry in haste, repent at leisure

—D.N.K.B.



A last operation before packing is X-raying for any defects: millions of the fruit are nowadays saved from subsequent contamination by the searching rays of the scientific eye from which nothing is hid.

COLOUR FOR BARD.

Not for its health worth alone is an orange valuable. It has a psychological influence, too, in the person eating it. He feels it is doing him good, and that is a great deal more than can be said of most other foods. Poems have been written about it.

Its colour, suggesting the warmth and brilliance of sunshine, influences schemes of interior decoration. Distemper and wall-papers of orange and its derivatives are always the most popular. And would your best girl choose any but orange blossoms to furnish the beauty and colour she expects of the ceremony that is to mark the happiest day of her life?

J. Fleetwood

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Senor So-So, egged on by Mrs. Mop, presents his chief w/ih a real laying duck.

Itma Opens Children's Zoo

"BAWSS, bawss, dere's a man with a bill outside." "Don't be silly, Sam, that's a pelican with a bowler-hat on!"

Yes, it was Tommy Handley with all his fellow Itmatites, including the "I-don't-mind-if-I-do" Colonel—who visited Regent's Park to open the Children's Zoo.

For weeks Miss Valerie Higgins and her young helpers had worked to make this first peace-time opening since 1939 one to be remembered—and they certainly succeeded.

The result is an enchanting enclosure where young visitors to the London Zoo can spend an exciting time, seeing their toys and pictures from their story-books come to life.

The idea that added the finishing touches to the good work was that of inviting Tommy Handley and his company to perform the opening ceremony. This he did with his customary gusto, and with typical interruptions from his colleagues. Senor So-so, for example, was vivaciously overwhelmed to "Zoo you in the See," as he told his chief.

A selection of the various animals in their respective boxes was presented to Tommy Handley on the platform, and he made appropriate remarks concerning each one.

On being offered a young and woolly lamb, his immediate request was for mint sauce, while a "lady's fur with legs on" was his suggestion about

the "fox in a box," presented by Mrs. Mop.

Among the most interesting specimens were Bill, the 93-years-old talking cockatoo, and Christopher Robin, the small grey and red parrot, which has been trained by Keeper Alden to say its prayers upside-down on a glass tumbler.

Pets' Corner, as the Children's Zoo is sometimes known, is indeed a great delight for children, where they can romp in the sand with all the young animals, fondling the soft-fleecy lambs, frolicking with the ducks and piebald piglets, trying to understand the parrots, chasing Gladys, the skittish, white llama, and having rides on Pegasus and Fay, the ponies.

They also show great admiration for the intricately-planned houses in which the chicks and mice are kept. In common with the elaborate rockery and picturesque windmill, all these ornamentations were designed and made by Mr. "Spaj" Atkinson, the still-life artist, who takes a great interest in the Zoo.

Although there were not supposed to be any children at the opening ceremony, quite a large number found ways of gaining admittance, and in a very short time the entire Itma Company was besieged by young autograph-hunters, whom they did their best to

oblige, in spite of the heat of the afternoon.

All this attention, however, didn't prevent Itma from giving me personal good wishes to all of you in submarines, and Fred Yule in particular, who is "eighteen stones and proud of it," wishes you all the best in the world from "the only submarine on two legs!"



Mary was happy with her Little Lamb, but Tommy Handley wanted mint sauce.

Maybe you can't find it — but it isn't really lost

MR. W. G. CARSE, of Sutton, was recently digging in his garden when he saw something small and yellow. He examined it and found it was a wedding ring, lost as it was subsequently found, by a neighbour shortly after her marriage twenty-three years ago!

She dropped the ring when sitting with her husband on what was then a bare patch of building land.

The ring had lain there while a new house was built and then in the garden for years before being turned up by a spade.

This is by no means the first time that such an incident has occurred and a ring apparently lost for ever has been found. A few years ago the occupier of a cottage near Folkestone found a ring in his garden. Enquiries suggested that it belonged to Mrs. Annie Turton.

She had lost it on the spot forty-eight years previously. She herself had searched,

and many occupiers of the cottage had dug over the ground, but all this time passed before it was found.

But forty-eight years is not a record for a ring being lost and found. Just before the war a man in Helsingør, Denmark, found a ring in his garden. When he cleaned it, he found the initials of his mother and father engraved on it.

The ring proved to be his mother's engagement ring, which had been lost in 1860!

CANDY DIAMOND.

One of the strangest "finds" followed from the loss of a ring by a girl in a sweet factory in London a few years ago. The ring was a diamond and ruby engagement ring. She never expected to find it again.

Some weeks later the ring restored to her. It had been found inside a marshmallow cornet, for which a small boy in a Hampshire village had paid a halfpenny.

He told the owner of the sweet shop, who in due course sent the ring to the manageress

of the factory where the girl worked.

One of the most astonishing stories comes from Canada. Some years ago a young man in a boat on a lake in Ontario, was idly dangling his hand in the water when his ring slipped off. The water was deep, but a few days later he was fishing nearby and caught a large trout. As he was cleaning it, he felt something hard.

It was the ring! The fish, probably had mistaken the gold ring flashing in the light for a minnow and had swallowed it.

Sometimes one can only guess at the wanderings of a lost article that is "found" again. For instance, a girl in Australia some years ago bought a pair of gloves in a shop and found inside an antique ring. She informed the shop, and a long series of enquiries for the owner began. They led to England, where the glove had been made.

Apparently, what had happened was that the English

THERE was scarcely a breath of air, the weather having changed suddenly from cool winds to almost overbearing heat.

And Shep and Jesse, hoeing in the potato field, pronounced it a "weather breeder."

It is seldom that either of the two men is wrong in prophecies of the weather.

And when, this particular afternoon, the distant hills stood clear, and seemingly near, in the sunshine, they remarked in their usual blunt, spare words, "Thunder about," and went on hoeing.

It seemed a ridiculous statement.

Presently a ripple of breeze scurried in a straight track across the potato tops—like a troupe of invisible elfin spirits dancing along.

Just one straight line; you could mark its passage as the leaves bowed to let it pass over, and the trees in the hedgerow shook their leaves as the freshening breeze passed through.

Then all was still again. There wasn't a breath of air, only the sun glaring fiercely along the potato rows and the brown, dry soil, and the tired, droopy blossoms threading colours into the hedgerow green.

"They're getting it somewhere!" said Shep, as the silence was broken by the alarm-cry of the quick-eared pheasants.

Looking up, you could see that the far-away hills were topped in a murky haze, and the sun—still shining fiercely—was encircled with a queer leaden hue.

In about half an hour's time there was no doubt about it; distant rumblings could be heard. The sun no longer looked fiercely down, but shot shafts of light far away, beyond the regions of the storm.

"It's working round," said Jesse, and as he spoke a large spot of rain splashed on a potato leaf.

"It's coming," they both exclaimed, as a streak of lightning split the sky, followed by a clap of thunder.

There's something magnificent about a thunderstorm as seen from the shelter of the hedge-bottom.

The teeming rain makes puddles in the a-minute-ago dry and dusty headlands.

And, with every flash of lightning and roll of thunder, the rain comes pelting faster, until the leafy hedge drips its surplus water on the shelterers.

And how the flowers freshen up, and dance and sway under the pressure of the rain—the purple vetches twining through the hedge and bind-weed nodding trumpet-like flowers at the lashing of hail.

A tall and stately Viper's Bugloss stood upright in the hedge, its bright blue funnel-shaped flower dashed to pieces

because it refused to bend to the fury of the storm.

All these things Shep and Jesse noticed as they crouched under the hedge amongst the scent of flowers and rain-refreshed earth. Then they noticed something else.

A bed of tall nettles clustered around the gatepost. And there was something they had failed to notice until the storm laid it open to view—a tiny nest built in the stalks of the tallest nettles.

On the nest was Peggy Whitethroat, sitting tight, and exposed to the pelting rain.

Her tiny house swayed backwards and forwards on its slender props, and it seemed as if every fresh gust of rain would bring it and her toppling to the ground.

Only a little reddish-brown bird trying to keep her eggs dry, but a matter of great concern to Jesse and Shep, too.

He kept exclaiming, "She's a good plucked 'un!" as the nettles swayed and bent.

The frightened little Peggy sat tight in spite of storm and wreckage.

The storm passed, the men crawled out of their "hide," and on the field gate a little brown bird shook her feathers dry and looked rather anxious because the storm had left her nest in a very exposed position.

A Puzzling Business

BELIEVE it or not, they were asking teasers back in Biblical days. Read the thirtieth chapter of the Book of Proverbs, and you'll find Agur the son of Jakeh asking plenty of them.

You needn't puzzle over the solutions, because you will find them in the same place.

Riddles have gone through all sorts of phases, changing from one type to another. At one time they would become so exaggeratedly subtle, or so over-intricate, that riddle-askers generally had to tell the answers.

The reaction to this was posers, simple or silly. For instance, "How can a person tell a hog in a herd of cows?" With his eyes.

Folk were keen about conundrums in the Middle Ages. But it was in the early 1900s that the puzzle craze reached its climax.

Thousands of little conundrums were then going the rounds. "Why did the lobster blush?" "Because it saw the salad dressing."

These were the simple variety. More recently they were joined by slightly more subtle types.

"Is a bell on a bicycle better than a hooter on a scooter?" The answer, which consisted of a hidden name, being "Isabelle."

There was money to be made from them, too. "Bullets" began in 1906, and then along came doublets, couplets, jumbled words, acrostics, anagrams.

Crosswords, which enthral millions the world over, started properly in 1924, when a book of puzzles by two young struggling American publishers met immediate success. In a few weeks the craze had swept across the United States to Britain, appearing in English newspapers in the same autumn.

Afterwards it was claimed by certain folk that crosswords were not new.

Similar to the present brand were the simple crosswords that were popular in Britain in the 19th century. As to the originator of these there is some doubt, but it may well have been Arthur Wynne, an English journalist, who died last January, and who went to America over fifty years ago.

There, Wynne thought out what may have been the first of those refreshing inventions which have since been developed to give so much innocent pleasure to millions.

It was in a London evening paper that Arthur Wynne's brain-child was first popularised in London over twenty years ago.

An interesting fact about them is that the keenest and ablest solvers are found among people who lead the busiest lives. One regular contributor who makes crosswords is a man who, when he started composing, used an hour to do one. Now he can make up one in a quarter of the time.

All these cases suggest that nothing is ever lost—although many things cannot be found when they are wanted

J.M.M.

M.B.

UMBRELLA STORY.

The late Sir Hugh Walpole, the novelist, lost an umbrella in England. The umbrella had

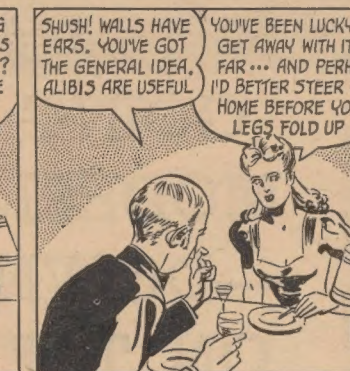
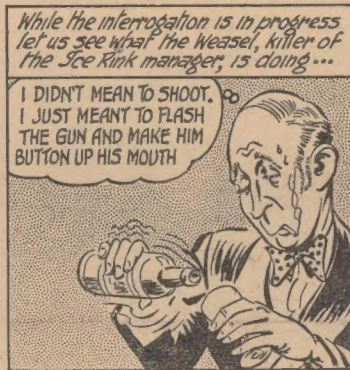
his initials on it, but he never expected to see it again. Later, he visited Russia. In a second-hand shop he was astonished to see an umbrella exactly like his own. He examined it—and there was his initials!

Just how the umbrella travelled from England to Russia will always remain a mystery.

A few years ago a passenger from Waterloo Station reported the loss of a trunk. As it contained jewellery valued at £1,000, it was assumed that the trunk had been stolen. But it was only "lost."

Porters in a liner in the Mediterranean some weeks later found a trunk which was claimed by none of the passengers. It proved to be the lost trunk that somehow had got on to the wrong train and been placed aboard the liner!

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

AT one time the passage of letters through the post was not so sure and safe a process as it is to-day. The State had unlimited power to interfere with the post and used that power in a manner which to-day we associate with the secret police of Nazi countries.

In 1844, some freedom-loving persons in these islands dealt a severe blow to the Paul Pry's in high places. The State did not give up unconditionally its right to stop and open letters from persons suspected of plotting against it, but it certainly was made to climb down from its high perch. I recently came across an excellent account of this 1844 storm by Samuel Graveson, of the Postal History Society. The Italian patriot Joseph Mazzini, he recalls, had been compelled to flee from the Continent and found refuge as a political exile in England. His presence seems to have disturbed the slumber of certain officials at the Foreign Office, and apparently at their suggestion the then Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, issued a warrant to the Postmaster-General instructing him to have letters addressed to Mazzini secretly opened, copies made of their contents then carefully resealed and sent forward as though they had never been tampered with.

That Sir James Graham was acting on precedent dating from the time of the Commonwealth we know from the records of Parliament in the year 1641, when Thomas Witherings, then Master of the Posts, was directed to stop all letters going out of the country and take them to Westminster to be opened and read by a Committee set up for the purpose.

In the year 1844 there were no plots or rumours of plots disturbing the Government of the day, and the ordinary liberty-loving Englishman did not relish the idea that his private letters entrusted to the Post Office for conveyance should be subject to the prying eyes of some inquisitive clerk who might use what he read to injure his career and character.



The practice of secretly opening letters savoured too much of blackmail to be accepted as the recognised function of the Home Office. This was why the opening of Mazzini's letters resulted in a political storm of no small dimension in which both the Government and Press became involved.

The honour for the defeat of what seemed likely to become a nefarious practice was shared by the Member of Parliament for Finsbury, "Honest Tom Duncombe," and the Editor of "Punch."

"Punch" was a very young journal in those days, but had already gained a name for its lively criticism of every form of political cant to which it gave publicity weekly from the pens of a brilliant staff of writers and draughtsmen.

To-day, postal history students look back upon the year 1844 as a sort of Annus Mirabilis, a year when John Leech produced his telling caricature of Sir James Graham acting the part of Paul Pry at the Post Office, and when the British public chuckled over the Anti-Graham Letters and Anti-Graham Envelope and used Anti-Graham Wafers to seal their letters.



Even Charles Dickens entered into the sport of pillorying the then Home Secretary, and endorsed a letter to his printers, "If this letter should be opened by Sir Charles Graham, I hope he will not trouble to seal it again."

And so the fun went on, and Sir James carefully climbed down from an impossible position for a British statesman.

Illustrated this week are the following new and recent issues: Greece Air stamp of the now stabilised currency; two Russian commemoratives, first for the centenary of the birth of the artist, I. E. Repin, second to mark the 75th anniversary of the birth of Chaplygin, Soviet scientist and "Hero of Socialist work"; and a Costa Rica airmail with design of an allegory of Flight.

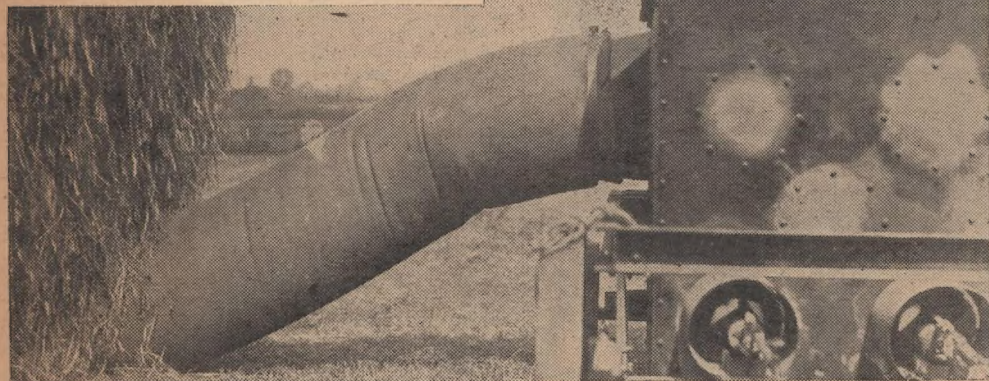
Good Morning



★ **MAGIC CUPBOARD PRODUCES NEW GRASS.** — Daisy, ★ the cow, gets her grass from the larder these days, at a farm near Reading. The fresh fodder grown in trays, in the cupboard, in ten days equals the growth of two months in the meadows. One "magic cupboard" will feed ten cows all the year round — and the cows yield more milk.



GASSING THE PESTS. — Scientific pest-control is practised on the farm to-day. It's a poor look-out for the boll-weevil, the wireworm, the leaf-boring maggot, the fly (green and black)—while as for caterpillars, they kill 'em!



DAMP REMOVER

Crops are now dried in the rick by blowing a current of hot air into the centre of the stack. Thirty tons can be dried in twelve hours.

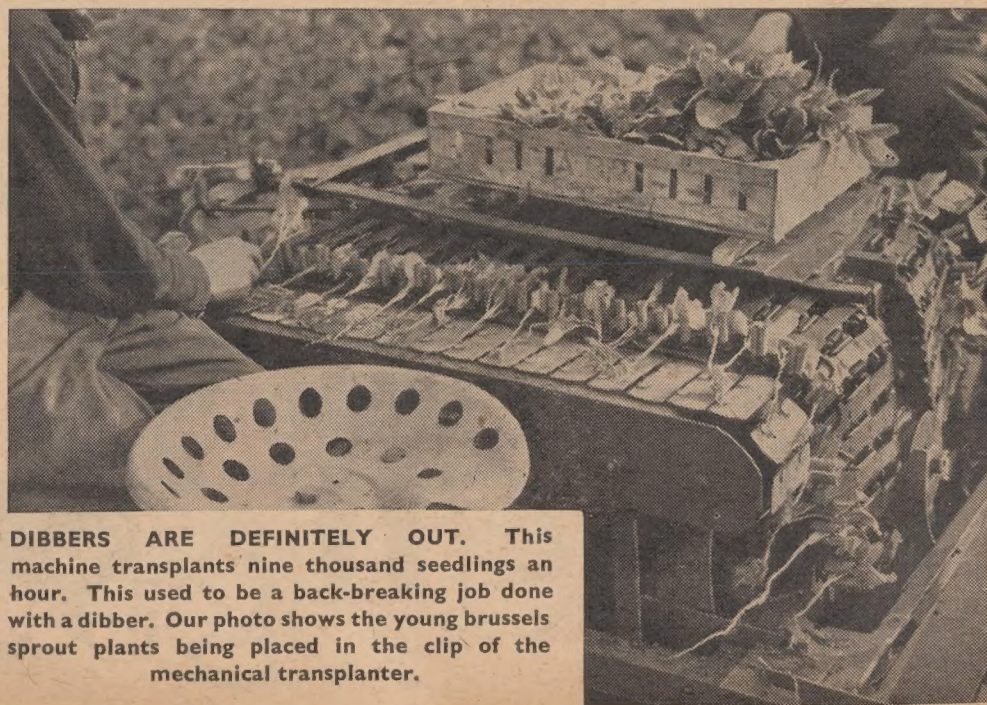
★ **GROWING LETTUCE IN BOMB RUBBLE.** These fine hearty lettuce are growing in house rubble. They are fed with a chemical nutrient solution. It is an experiment — successful, too — by the Cheshunt Research Station. ★



GOING MODERN —DOWN ON THE FARM



LIFTING SPUDS IN STYLE. — Potatoes in Lincolnshire are harvested by a special Heath-Robinson-type of machine which lifts — and sorts — four acres of potatoes a day. The machine is the Caudwell Mechanised Potato Picker, and you are looking at it now — you lucky people.



DIBBERS ARE DEFINITELY OUT. This machine transplants nine thousand seedlings an hour. This used to be a back-breaking job done with a dibber. Our photo shows the young brussels sprout plants being placed in the clip of the mechanical transplanter.